

## Note from the Publisher

Marion Street Publishing Company is pleased to present this facsimile edition of Belle Turnbull's *The Tenmile Range*. First published in 1957 in Iowa City, Iowa, by Prairie Press (now defunct), this extraordinary work is a poet's homage to Colorado's mountains, specifically to the Ten Mile Range and the people who once lived at the base of its sheltering peaks. Turnbull wrote these poems over an extended period beginning in the 1930s. Although *The Tenmile Range* received a strong review in *The New York Times*, it did not sell well. Precise sales figures are not available, but it is likely that fewer than 100 copies were sold. Following Turnbull's death in 1970, *The Tenmile Range* and her other works, including *Goldboat* (1940), *The Far Side of the Hill* (1953), and *Trails* (1968), none of which were ever widely known, fell into almost total obscurity. In recent years, even in Breckenridge, Colorado, where Turnbull spent the last thirty years of her life, and whose mountains and people she portrayed and deeply loved, her name had passed beyond the edge of memory for most; only a dwindling number of old-timers recognized it.

During the summer of 2002, I was doing research for a book on the history of Breckenridge. Essentially, I was looking anywhere I thought there might be even a shred of useful information on the town's past. My research took me to the extensive resources of the Western History/Genealogy Department of the Denver Public Library. In the course of my work there, I noted the department's archives contained two manuscript files indexed for Breckenridge. One belonged to Belle Turnbull; the other to her good friend Helen Rich. Turnbull's two-box collection contained copies of all her published books in addition to copies of numerous additional published and unpublished poems, some photographs, a few old letters, a couple of short biographical sketches of Turnbull, and several items that must have been keepsakes.

As I read the poems in the Turnbull archive, I was stunned by their beauty and clarity of image. She had captured to perfection the glory and grandeur of the mountains and the spirit of the miners, both of which I knew well from my childhood years spent with my family in Breckenridge and nearby towns. In my discovery of Turnbull's poetry, I experienced many of the emotions that a Breckenridge prospector of years gone by must have felt upon finding a rich pocket of gold. What a thrill! I had found long-buried literary gold in the archives of the Denver Public Library. As Joyce Chambers Bivens, who grew up in Breckenridge during the 1940s and 1950s, said upon her recent rereading of *The Tenmile Range*, "The poems are the Breckenridge of my childhood."

In the following days and weeks, I returned again and again to Turnbull's archive. As with all good poetry, the more I read, the more I saw, the more I loved it. Probus, Mrs. Ike, and the others became friends I knew and cared about. I found myself quoting them, particularly Probus. More and more, I saw the mountains through Turnbull's eyes and spirit.

I enthusiastically described my discovery of Turnbull's work to Karen Fischer, an official of the Summit Historical Society in Breckenridge, and provided her with photocopies of Turnbull's poems. She was also captivated by them. We resolved to publish an anthology of Turnbull's poetry as well as a biographical overview of her life and work. That book, *Belle Turnbull: Voice of the Mountains*, was published in 2004 by Marion Street Publishing Company. (Readers who would like more information on the poet's life should consult that volume. Biographical information on Belle Turnbull and Helen Rich is also available in the archived collections at the Denver Public Library and in "The Ladies of French Street in Breckenridge," by Elizabeth M. Safanda and Molly L. Mead, *Colorado Magazine*, 1979, vol. 56, nos. 1 and 2.)

The Tenmile Range is the second of four volumes featuring Turnbull's work planned by Marion Street. The other two are Goldboat and The Long Arc, a collection of poems that Turnbull had laid out in her later years but was never published. In Goldboat, a novel in verse set in a fictional town that resembles Breckenridge, the hero attempts to operate a gold dredge and win the hand of the mountain woman he loves. It is the poet's best-remembered work. The Long Arc and Goldboat will be published in 2007\*.

We are indebted to G. Philip Johnson, the executor of Belle Turnbills' estate, for permission to reprint The Tenmile Range.

Robert McCracken  
Marion Street Publishing Company  
2007

THE  
TEN MILE  
RANGE

BY BELLE TURNBULL

THE PRAIRIE PRESS  
IOWA CITY

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS: The Colorado Quarterly, Poetry,  
The Midland and The New York Times

ALSO BY BELLE TURNBULL:

Goldboat, a novel in verse (Houghton, Mifflin, 1940)

The Far Side of the Hill, prose novel (Crown, 1953)

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## The Tenmile Range

## Foreword

Needs must harry the Tenmile now:  
Hot in the channels behind the bone  
The words are up and the drum beats over,  
The drum beats over, the words must go.

Never along that range is ease:  
Things are warped that are too near heaven,  
Ink runs clotted down the pen,  
Verse has the twist of timberline trees.

## Topography

The Great Divide is a full-sprung bow  
About that country, and its arrow  
Is the length of the Tenmile, notch to tip.  
Stark is the streamhead where the narrow  
Careless snowrills stop and go,  
Atlantic, Pacific, freeze or flow.



## Weather Conditions

Never along that range is ease:  
The rose of the winds goes wheeling over,  
When there is peace and little woe  
Dust devils rise and blow  
Sucking the air from the river valley.  
Water and blood will boil too early,  
Atoms cry for their release.

## Government

Set in dominion over these  
None has ruled them since the flow  
That set their homestead solitaires  
And spattered wire-gold filigrees.  
Magistrate and forester  
Exist forlorn in those rude airs  
Where dwell the ancient liberties.

## History

There was meat and miniver,  
Buckskin and beaver fur.  
When these had strained away  
Goldflake sifted from the poke.  
Twice raped and rough with scars  
Freehold, gone lean and grey,  
Stands at the end of wars.

At That Point Mr. Probus

## Time as a Well-Spring

I thought, said Mr Probus, there was time,  
Time by the dipperful, time lipping, flowing  
Out of some plenteous spring where I'd be going  
With my bright dipper, frosting it with rime,  
Hoarding no more than God would hoard a dime,  
Slipping time over my palate, careless blowing  
Drops off my mustache, wasting it full knowing  
There would be more, more always, soft and prime.

I've lived some years at String town, Probus said,  
Back in the mountain mining molybdenum,  
Gassed and sent in again and lined with lead.  
Seven years some few will last who stand the gaff.  
Sometimes where the machines bore, springs will come.  
I have to laugh, he said, I have to laugh.

## Lunch Time in the Tunnel

I have my castle, Probus said and when  
I shall have done with this godawful hole,  
Broken my pick and shinnied up the pole,  
I shall go forth and view its spires again.  
And I shall hit the trail across Peak Ten  
And down along the river air my soul  
Till pinned to heaven itself pricks up the goal  
With the brown cabin under, Probus-den.

So man the pumps, he said, and tallyho,  
Heave up the anchor, gentlemen, for now  
We move to disembugue the old she-cow,  
The gangrened guts of Satan's so-and-so.  
Judas arch hellion intercede for us  
Who ditch our dreams to muck out Erebus.

## Lyric Mood

Nan, Mr. Probus said, you want a spring  
Right in your room to cool your young hot breast  
And wash your mouth that mouths like mine have pressed,  
With clean wild water for the bright blood-sting  
On your rose-tallowed lips. My sullied wing,  
My overlaid, my thumb-worn palimpsest,  
I'll choose the iced, the prime, the liveliest  
From my blue valley for your sweetening.

Have your lips known a spring, he said, your feet A spring?  
We've hot and cold, she said: you know  
Miss Mae don't let we girls go off the Street  
Dabbling around in springs. You old sourdough,  
Where is this place you wash your feet in, dear?  
Away from here, he sighed. Away from here.

## Hardrock Miner

Mountains were made for badgers, Probus said,  
And badgers for the mountains. And so long  
As I can claw a tunnel, with the strong  
Smell of the ore beyond, I shall be led  
To sink my pick in holes unlimited,  
To rummage in old stopes and raise the song  
Of victory too soon, all laid along  
Hellbent to crack a granite maidenhead.

And men-of-war may hoot and presidents  
Rock down the chutes to hell, but I'll be going  
Soon as a patch of mountainside is showing.  
Soon as a bluebird settles on a fence,  
Two shall string out and beat it up the trail,  
A jackass first, a miner at his tail.



## Mountain Woman

God love these mountain women anyway,  
Said Mr. Probus. Not to say they're fair  
Or sleek with oils, for woodsmoke in the hair  
And sagebrush on the fingers every day  
Are toughening perfumes, and the sun streams flay  
Too dainty flesh. But what remains is rare,  
Like mountain honey to the mountain bear.  
He finds his relish in a rough bouquet.

Days when their wash is drying, off they'll go  
And fish the beaver ponds. Hell or high water  
They'll wade the slues in sunburnt calico  
Playing a trout like some old sea-king's daughter.  
Hell and high water women. . . Steady now,  
Not all of them, he said. One, anyhow.

## Address to a Tenderfoot

So your belief it is that peace is found,  
Said Mr. Probus, resident in hills,  
That mountain towns are loaded to the gills  
And oiled with peace, that pine mat on the ground  
Was cushioned there for comfort to abound.  
Wait till the trails are iced, till winter fills  
These bowls with silence, till abandoned mills  
Crack knuckles and it snows until you're drowned.

Then fools are blown to hell in some white welter,  
Brushed with the snowsmoke off a streaming ledge,  
Ripped open on a jagtooth's outer edge.  
Then wise men tough the winter out in shelter,  
Melt down their fat like bears in hollow trees.  
Well, call it peace, he said, if so you please.

## Miner's Pension

This dalliance with heaven on a hill,  
Said Mr. Probus, smudges out the dream,  
This land whose powdered milk I disesteem,  
Whose drop of honey figures in the bill,  
Whose angels monthly swarm past Probus-sill  
Setting their feathers in a gentle steam  
To flutter queries that a jay might deem  
Too rowdy for his modesty to spill.

Yet I that had my dreamings otherwise,  
That fought the rock and lost, and always lost,  
Have on this hill my freehold and my skies:  
My hot he-den against the winter frost,  
All space to howl through when my mood is so,  
All stars to rock with at my own fool show.

## Opus 8

Our god was ice with goldleaf plastered on:  
We built his boats that dredged for his veneer,  
Gutted our valleys to his lordly blare  
Of loud expensive laughter and bon ton.  
Under our icefields standing to the sun  
We watched him match the glitter of their dare,  
And stamp his stallions down that brittle air,  
Proud in our sight and peerless in his own.

He died, said Probus, melted down and died  
And never heard the coyotes take his hill,  
Passed in the reek of incense undenied.  
Now all he was has assayed out to nil,  
And newer outfits sweating hope and blood  
Raise in his place yet more preposterous gods.

## Summons to the Undertaker

If it's pneumonia, Mr. Probus said,  
Don't skid me off the Tenmile or I'll haunt  
Your genteel casketry, old cormorant,  
Old chronic end of evening. Dig my bed  
Right in the boneyard at the valleyhead.  
You never caught them dodging from their gaunt  
Uncompromising deaths. I seem to want  
To join the first fruits on the watershed.

You'll find the makings of a poker party  
Inside my cady. Play the snorting mule,  
The she-mule of my luck . . A mining fool  
Deserves a rough-box . . Play her tough and hearty,  
Oldtimer, fan her till her ears are bent.  
And if she runs, erect my monument.

## House In the Valley

## Walls

The logs have been sealed away and overlaid  
Paper on paper. You long to peel the stuff,  
The flowered, the plain, the dear bought dim brocade,  
Down to the muslin, down to the old buff,  
Down to whatever is left of a man dead,  
A bit of wool maybe dyed with butternut  
Caught in a mitered corner, a hair of him shed,  
Or sweet in the wood the name of a girl cut.  
There's not a man or a ledger to tell his name  
Or whether he hewed from lodgepole or spruce or fir,  
But wherever his bones are on the range or the plain  
Here in old years his bones and his brains were.  
Every time a nail strikes into the chinking,  
Into the hollow of time, it will set you thinking.

## Roof

The roof is written in that character  
Devised for home by ancients of the East.  
Nights when the pointed laughter of a star  
Too swiftly wheeling down the dark has ceased,  
Has drawn your vision reeling on to drown  
Behind the snowhorns turning overhead,  
Inexorably turning on the town,  
The roof will fold you quietly to bed.  
Days when the winds that harry the divide  
Whirl down with snow upon their devil dances,  
When atoms split in cosmic suicide,  
The roof repellent to such necromancies  
Resting upon its walls aloof, alone  
Sunders from space this safety for your own.



## Door

Your house is old, he said, was counted old  
That time I knocked here forty years ago  
End of a winter bottomless with cold  
And all the trailmarks useless under snow.  
Widow with one bull calf in residence,  
And he afire to hightail over the pass.  
Wasn't a prayer could hold him under fence.  
He melted out at the foot of Boreas  
Come spring, with daisies sprouting at his toes.  
I was the one to tell his mother. I came  
Here to this door and knocked. A woman knows,  
He said, that kind of knock. She called his name .  
He stopped, and out of silence crept your wonder  
To stare upon a door so blank of thunder.

## Window on the Street

Here runs a patchwork street with new on old  
Forlornly grafted guiltless of design.  
Now cuts a little tractor through the cold,  
Steered by a lead-eyed ancient peregrine  
The purple thongs of whose profanities  
Have lashed about his mule teams stepping down  
Where now his snowblade draws the selfsame cries.  
He plows a street where golden bees have flown,  
Where still their frayed slow wings sustain the dream  
Round cabins and round yellow bungalows,  
Round frontages whose painted gaspumps seem  
Stranger than tinsel on the nests of crows.  
So back and forth the stitching of his blade  
Hems up the crazyquilt that time has made.

## Window on the Range

Intolerable the marching of this range,  
This fugue of sight unbroken and immense, I  
n theme and counterpoint forever strange,  
Forever overflowing human sense.  
Impose upon your lips the native game  
Of undertruth, the minimum of awe:  
At sunset when the snowsmoke drifts in flame  
Say it is pretty, presently withdraw  
From stern crescendos rising overlong.  
And though the drive and rhythm of that ramp  
Runs endless eastward resonant and strong,  
Pull down the curtain, sit beside the lamp  
Until the world within your eyeballs' arc  
Rocks to its poise against the rushing dark.

## Dialog

Let's step outside in the mountain night, renew  
Whole vision of this integer of cells:  
This house, in separate amber shining so,  
Uniquely seen, as though another self:  
Unit in space, now for a time clearly  
Walled, roofed, warmed: now for a time . . .  
How little, how long? Whisper it flawless, dare we?  
Shout it, and count the neighbor rays that shine,  
Digits of oneness, careless into space . . .  
Yet if tomorrow, yet if tomorrow shaken,  
Lightless, forlorn?  
Therefore. Look, while the eyes  
Know this for ours, and the amber word still spoken.  
Though wood shall rot and light shatter, though  
Self dissolve on a breath, this house is now.

## The Folk

### Mrs. Ike Said

Oh I have had my dreamings,  
Mrs. Ike said  
Viewing the grey jagteeth  
Round the springhead,  
Queenly as an eagle:

I thought to marry  
Some great gold cockerel,  
You know, lord-like  
The way a raw girl fancies . .  
By the Lord Harry,  
(Her laugh enriched the valley)  
I must pick Ike!  
Hard set as bedrock  
And born mine-poor . . .

She plucked a green gentian  
Shook out a bee  
Gazed as in a crystal.  
Afternoon wore  
Blue along the valley.

Holes, said she  
About the time a jagtooth  
Bit on the sun:  
Holes the depth of mountains  
On Death's soup bone.  
Oh but God love him  
And lock my tongue . .

Us be getting home, dear,  
Mrs. Ike said:  
Ike is coming off the hill,  
I have to set bread.

## Down Off the Range

Mrs. Ducane was mountain bred in balsam  
Up along the Tenmile.  
She was used to glory: even her can pile  
Was superintended by mountain heads.  
Beside the tomato cans and the peach cans  
Thundered the grey river  
From their ice beds.

I an the pack rats are putten out tomorrow:  
She wrote her folks out yonder:  
The narrow gage is shutten down, I wonder  
If Ed the Buick can make it over the pass.  
Arts corden up now with the rope lenth  
Aint any more use for it  
Off his winlass . . .

Mrs. Ducane is anchored off Pueblo  
Up an alkali draw.  
She has for dump the untidy Arkansas  
Who cast his mountain ways long ago.  
Between two cactus stems she peers out westward  
Straining dusty eye sockets  
Toward the far snow.

## Van Atta

You'll find a whittling-piece today  
Up by the depot where he waited  
Timeless at the canyon mouth  
Whittling, pondering away.  
He had a joke. He used to say `  
Guess we lost her, guess she's gone  
Up the wrong canyon.' Hours belated  
His ancient arms received the mail,  
His ancient legs began to wamble  
After his handcart down the trail.  
You'll find a whittling-piece today  
And all your fiery impotence,  
All the blisters of delay  
Will cool away, will cool away.

## Goose Pasture

She might have put up the sour prickended  
Pale striped gooseberries for winter, only  
She hadn't the sugar or the jars or the rubbers.  
All those kids had was a shack they'd mended  
And a gas drum for a stove and a quilt  
Over the balsam spread in their bunk,  
A few cents when the pan showed color  
And a baby about halfway built.

So the Ladies of Star wheeled out their banners,  
Whipped a layette to a froth and lugged it  
Through snow banks shifting down the pasture.  
She met them queenly in her manners,  
Said: Please be seated on the bed.  
Said: Oh I'm sure you mean so kind.  
But there wasn't a scrap she would take of those ladies,  
Not so much as a piece of raveling-thread.



## In Those Rude Airs

Mayflower gulch is deep, is still.  
Over its walls the range winds toss,  
But never a buckbush stirs below  
Where rills go stealthy under moss.

All winter silence breeds and grows  
Out of that wildness and that frost.  
Wolverines move ruthless there,  
Wildcats too, but men the most.

Two partners trap in Mayflower,  
Red and Whitey, secret men.  
There are few words between those two  
More than would pass in a he-bears' den.

Red snared a bride at Kokomo,  
Baited her with a cross-fox skin,  
Wrapped it around her pretty neck,  
Loaded his sled and pulled her in.

Her eyes were slant, her tongue was slim,  
A cat's tongue for massacre.  
Folk at Kokomo prophesied  
Whitey would lose the field to her.

The Sagehen shook a claw at that  
(She birthed you and she buried you),  
Said: She will be the hell and gone  
Before she parts them old gumshoes.

Well, winter drew to March, to March  
When trails are iced and atoms crackle,  
And shacks will choke with straw on straw,  
And each new straw an itch to battle.

The end of March in Kokomo  
And every drift a honeycomb,  
Over the trail from Mayflower  
A man was seen to slip and come.

He slips and comes to the Sage hen's door  
That hour when cabin-smoke begins.  
Through frosted cracks the whispers fly:

A laying-out or a lying-in.

Under the sawteeth shot with pink  
Hovers a town on bated breath:  
It's Whitey. What if a kid's been slipped?  
What if a death, what if a death?

The long white hours had spun to dusk  
When back toward home the Sagehen sped,  
And two behind her slewing wide  
To the balk and lunge of a loaded sled.

And a door slams, and nothing more  
Till at last the emptied sled is gone,  
Till the light that never dies from snow  
Etches a crony creeping on,

Creeping on and entering  
Where the Sagehen sits to toast her bones.  
The fat jug gurgles for a brew  
And breath comes thick with overtones.

Three hot ones and the breath steams loose  
And the tongue leaps without a rein:  
He said she'd a yen for rabbit stew,  
Tripped on a root and blew her brains.

Twenty below at dawn, if one;  
Her blood had froze her to that door  
She laid on . . . Now I ask of you,  
What did she hunt in slippers for?

Mayflower gulch is deep, is still,  
Is furred in wordlessness and frost.  
Wolverines move ruthless there,  
Weasels too, and men the most.

## Will Boil Too Early

Only the drift of tameless folk,  
Tough in sinew, tough in bone,  
Knit in their outlandishness,  
Long endure by naked stone.

Only a Cort would plant his still  
Hardily by a glacier-bed  
And bury his mash in rifted rock  
Under a mountain pyramid.

It was a Cort that made his woman,  
A week from her first lying-in,  
Send her boy-brat out of there  
And wish him onto her blood-kin.

She coaxed her marriage lines of him,  
For she was warm and gentian-eyed,  
Bore in wedlock a dark daughter,  
Moaned to the log at her cheek and died.

Cubs are merry in rifted rock,  
And Dell grew with a cub's grace,  
Cuffed at the horns of columbine,  
Laughed in the bush of her dad's face.

Loneliness she never knew,  
Not till she was girl-grown  
And faced a lad with gentian eyes,  
Blue-ensorceled as her own.

That was miles from her dad's place,  
Under the pass, at Blue Rock spring.  
They knelt to drink of the wild water,  
The blood within them trumpeting.

The blood within them trumpeting,  
Dawn was at the range before  
Cort with his rifle on his arm  
Saw them climb to the cabin door.

His face went grey as Quandary's face  
Looking on those two together,  
Coming up like a buck and a doe

Wild in the mountain weather.

It was his daughter spoke the first:  
Dan's from over the hump, she said:  
Fixen to marry me right away,  
Soon as his uncle's hay is spread.

Closson your uncle? Cort asked the boy.  
Closson's my uncle, how come you know?  
Never you mind, said Cort then:  
Let loose of my girl's hand and go.

Blue flame flew out of Dell's eyes.  
This is my man, she said: What way  
Are you to stop us? Listen, Dell,  
Closson's your uncle, see? Well, say,

Cousins can marry. Jesus no!  
That there's your brother. Suddenly fell  
Such silence on the ravaged air  
A thrush shook down his silver bell.

Their heads went up like wounded deer.  
Out of her throat was torn a cry:  
What will we ever do, my love?  
Marry or die, he said: or die.

Marry or die, said Cort. His sweat  
Beaded out and his entrails burned,  
But hand in hand as they went from him  
He shot them down where the trail turned.

## The Loom of Windy Peak

Wild, wild and warm my lovely was.  
Her hair was red as cinnabar,  
Gold and green shone in her eyes,  
Her whiteness stabbed a man's core.

Out of them all she singled me,  
Named me her darling runt of seven,  
Named me her sturdy balsam root,  
Herself my meadow nearest heaven.

Under the loom of Windy Peak  
I made the cabin sound and neat,  
Placered the ground and knew my girl;  
A little while we had our peace.

A little while I had her there.  
Not any dame of Araby  
Asporting in the desert tents  
Could match her ways, and all for me.

Not any musky-smelling doe  
Hot-nestled in an aspen grove  
To draw her buck galloping  
Could burn so sweetly as my love.

I never should have left her long.  
What if a golden filigree  
Laced round the roots from here to hell,  
I should have held her safe to me.

She stared alone on Windy Peak  
Where the snow-scud shifts and goes,  
She prowled too far at timberline  
Pacing the rake of the windrows.

Once when I came to supper late  
And poured my nuggets in her hand  
She said: The little golden corn,  
I'll plant it back into the sand.

Said: I lie in golden sand  
At noon along the mountain edge;  
The trains of God run thundering

Over my body, ridge to ridge.

Said: They puff their woolly clouds,  
Along my body puff and steam,  
All round the range their screaming goes  
And sometimes I'm the one to scream

Just for that minute she went strange,  
The minute after turned to play.  
Her fingers ran into my ears . . .  
What more she said I could not say.

And I that liked to fool myself  
The vein would widen on ahead,  
I dared not know what hid in her,  
For she was kind to me in bed.

Yet down and deep a trembling grew,  
A sickness in my middle crept ;  
I knew the moment when she passed  
The border of her mind's death.

It was that time she came and stood  
Blazing like a redbud tree;  
I knew before she raised the knife  
She was forever gone from me.

There was the nozzle in my hand,  
For I was placering down the shelf . .  
But my knees turned to snow-water,  
I dared not drown her from herself.

She quivered when I got the knife,  
Would not abide my hand on her,  
Cried: Off, you runty devil-root,  
For God himself has been my lover. .

Oh Christ the window in that cell  
Where all her whiteness wastes away.  
I dare not spy on her in bed  
Who was so kind in bed to me.

## Words About a Place

The tail of your eye, your nostrils know the ombre  
Of what was here. You know a stand of timber,  
Stout, having purple cones ambered with resin  
That roared along this chimney. And you know  
The smell of gold in a hole, perverse and somber.

Five hewn logs bedded in moss and mallow,  
A pride of spruces in an unroofed still-house  
Under a three-faced peak; a name on granite,  
A scrap or two from the junk of a man's head,  
And into the tail of your eye comes up the shadow.

But the words have not come up, they have not found you,  
For a town blanched at the head of a high valley,  
For what was first out of the turf returning,  
Out of the springs, out of the strong rock,  
Never the words, only the air thinned round you.

## COLOPHON

This book has been designed and printed by Carroll Coleman at  
The Prairie Press in Iowa City, Iowa. it has been hand set in Eric Gill's  
Perpetua roman and Felicity italic, and has been  
printed on Saturn Laid book paper.



## About the Author

Belle Turnbull was born in New York state in 1882 and moved to Colorado Springs, Colorado, with her family at the age of eight. She went east to attend Vassar College and, following graduation, she taught high school English in upstate New York for several years. Around 1910, she returned to Colorado Springs and taught high school until her retirement in 1937. After retiring, she moved to Summit County, Colorado, high in the Rocky Mountains, where she lived until her death in 1970.

From her first days in Colorado, Belle was enchanted with the mountains and their people. Her love for them never wavered, and she was at her best when writing about them. *The Tenmile Range*, an homage to the mountains whose peaks sheltered her during the last three decades of her life, is her greatest work. The poems in *The Tenmile Range* were written over a period of many years and reflect her great skill as a poet. They were drawn together in a volume and published by Prairie Press of Iowa City, Iowa, in 1957. Several of the poems in *The Tenmile Range* were originally published in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* between 1937 and 1940. In 1938, she received the coveted Harriet Monroe Memorial Prize from the magazine for a selection of her *Probus* poems, including "Time as a Well-Spring." Another recipient of the award that year was Dylan Thomas. *Goldboat* (1940), a verse novel, is perhaps her best-known work. With her ability to convey the aesthetic purity of an image, Belle Turnbull, we believe, is the poet laureate of the Continental Divide, the voice of the mountains.